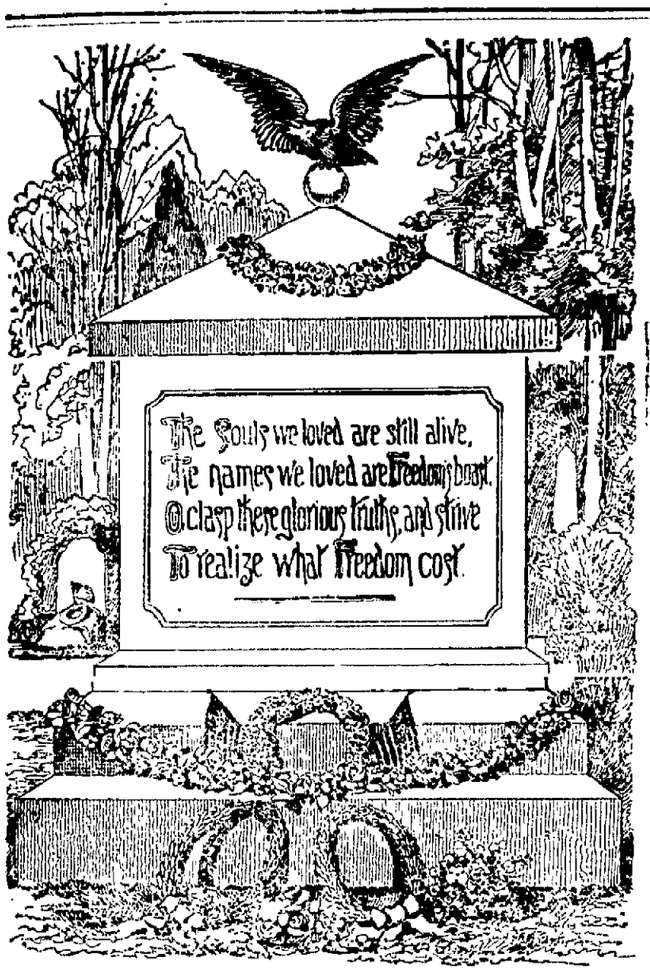
THE MARION DAILY STAR.

VOL. XII NO 170. MARION, OHIO, THURSDAY MAY 30, 1889. PRICE, 3 CENTS.


The Souls we loved are still alive,
The names we loved are Freedom's book.
O clasp these glorious truths, and strive
To realize what Freedom cost.

HOW HER LETTER FOUND HIM.

"So here I am writing at home, dear,
And you so far away,
And when you read the letter
I wonder what you will say
The green leaves whisper around me,
The nightingales sing above,
Just as they did that day, dear,
When you told me all your love!"

"I can see her," he fondly whispered,
As he sat by the far camp fire,
And read and read her letter
With heart that could never tire.
"I can see her true eyes shining
As she leans on her little hand,
And I pass as I dreams about me
Here in this distant land

* * * * * * *

The bugle rang out at midnight,
The fight was lost ere morn;
He fell, with his old battalion,
Leaving a hope forlorn
While all her dreams in a shining
And true love told unfold,
But God's children quietly weeping
As sad dreams her dream of old

—Cassell's Magazine

ON THE BORDER.

A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

[Copyright, 1889, by American Press Association.]

GIRL, white as marble, stood on the gallery extending across the front of a southern built house in Tennessee. A young man barely 22 years of age, in the uniform of a United States cavalry officer had left a newly arrived troop standing in the road and was riding up to the house to reconnoiter.

"Have there been any southern soldiers here today?" he called out, at the same time raising his forage cap.

The girl put her white lips to gain courage to reply. The young man's tones were soft and pleasant, but he was a Yankee soldier; the first she had seen. For months she had listened to stories of depredations to be committed by the Yankee troops when they should arrive.

"No," she answered, with a gasp.

"When did they go?"

"About an hour ago."

The young man smiled. She had made a misstatement within five words. He gave her time to collect her scattered senses.

"Where is the bridge?" he asked.

"There," she pointed down the road.

"How far?"

"About half a mile."

"Have they burned it?"

She glanced at a thin cloud of smoke floating over the trees to the south.

"I see," he said; "I expected as much." Then turning to her again: "You seem delighted to see us. You're not at all afraid, are you?"

"O no." She bit her lip again to gather courage.

He looked at her with a half amused, half curious expression. "I suppose you expect us to burn the house and the barn and the fence. But 'Johnny' has saved us that trouble," he added, glancing at the line where the fence had been. "You expect to be murdered, of course."

"Of course." She was so frightened that she repeated the words after him like a parrot.

The young man laughed. He lifted his cap politely and turned away. As he rode past a group of gaping negroes, "You're not afraid of us, aunty," he said to one of them.

"We knows better'n to be scary 'round our own folks."

"Our own folks!" The youngster was amused. "Our own folks is good." Here at least was a cordial reception.

He rode back to his commanding officer and called his attention to the smoke of the burning bridge, only to hear an exclamation referring to that place where abundant kindling for bridges is supposed to be stored.

The troops went into camp in a field opposite the house; the lieutenant rode away to post a line of vedettes along the river bank, and an hour later returned to find the field white with canvas, and to smell the sweet odor of burning wood and boiling coffee.

After partaking of his evening meal—the cavalry always live well where there is fair foraging—he proceeded to arrange his toilet with a view to paying his respects to the young girl who had answered his questions. A paper collar (without cravat) was made to border the neck band of his flannel shirt; the dust was shaken from his blouse; and, booted and spurred, his reinforced trousers still tucked in his boots, he strode across the road and through the yard to the house.

The girl he sought came to the door.

"I thought I'd just come over," he said, pulling off his cap and smiling at her reassuringly, "to say that we don't propose to trouble you." (He had unknowingly supped off a chicken removed from the barn.) "I'm Arthur Howe, lieutenant of the —th cavalry. May I ask your name? I'm quite sure it is a pretty one," and he looked as if he would add, "if it's like you."

"Alice Reade." She looked at him with a pair of serious brown eyes; wonder eyes. Women with such eyes possess a depth of feeling that others are a stranger to. She led the way to the sitting room.

"My mother is sick," she said apologetically, "and my brother"—she hesitated; she feared to acknowledge her brother's whereabouts to a Yankee—"he's with our boys."

"Our boys." The words grated. They caused the young man to remember that he was an enemy. And he did not relish being the enemy of one so timid and so gentle. He thought of the exile in camp away in the south; then of his own favorite sister in the north, and how it would madden him to know that she was at the mercy of a stranger. All the kindliness of his kindly nature beamed in his face and softened in his voice.

"Never mind, Miss Alice; nothing shall harm you, and the war will soon be over, and we'll all be friends again. and"—He looked at her with his winning smile and frankly extended his hand.

This was the hated Yankee; the vandal; yet not a vandal; but a picture of loveliness: a lithe graceful figure; short wavy hair, so light as to be almost white; a pair of kindly blue eyes, and above all the charming smile. Then there was a look of gentility about him that would have shown itself through the uniform of a teamster. She took the extended hand, her eyes brim full of thankfulness, at the unexpected sympathy which had come in place of the expected harshness.

"You can have a guard if you like," he said when they were seated, "Of course you're hid all the valuables."

"Yes, in the well."

Howe smiled. "You mustn't tell any one that, Miss Alice. That won't do at all."

"You won't betray us. I'm not afraid. I'd tell you anything."

"But," he said, taken aback by so sudden a confidence, "soldiers may not all be as well disposed as I am; and there are a great many stragglers and marauders. Don't trust any one. You'll never get on if you hide things from us Yankees, and then tell the first Yankee you meet where you've hid them."

"YOU EXPECT TO BE MURDERED OF COURSE."

"I'm not afraid of any one now you've come. You won't let them hurt us. If you'll only stay," she added shyly.

Howe winced. He knew very well how little power he had except over regular troops, and even then only over those of his own command; and he might go at any moment. He thought of the imminent danger from the lawless of both sides to which she would be exposed. But he remembered her fright when he had met her that afternoon, and thought it best to preserve something of the confidence with which he had inspired her.

"We Yankees are not such terrible fellows after all," he said; "and war, so far at least, is quite a jolly, exciting life. After it's all over even you'll not think it was so disagreeable."

She looked up into the friendly face of the enemy, and seemed as happy as if there had been a sudden truce, and the north and the south were lovingly mingling in a blissful peace.

"I'll probably be about the neighborhood for a while—at least I hope so—and if you'll let me, I'll come in once in a while to cheer you up, and your mother can have anything from the medical department and nobody will molest you, and"——

What need to mention the quickly constructed castles the hopefulness of youth built for her. Nor were they castles to her; no rocky fortress seemed so well founded as the pledges of the fair stranger who dazzled her with his manly beauty and hopeful, cheery, disposition. The evening passed quickly; too quickly for the new friends. Howe rose to go. long after he had heard the bugle across the road sound "lights out."

"You'll be here a long while?" she asked, yet with a trifle of anxiety notwithstanding what he had said about his stay.

"O yes. I think so. That is, only the commanding general knows exactly how long. You see I am not the commanding general or the colonel, or the major, only a second lieutenant."

She thought him noble, and good, and beautiful enough to be the president.

Howe extended his hand to take leave. The hands once clasped, neither seemed in haste to unclasp them. Howe was tempted to take his adieu from her red lips; but he was too chivalrous to presume so far on so short an acquaintance.

NEITHER SEEMED IN A HASTE TO UNCLASP THEM.

Then she was so confiding, so defenseless: he could not bring himself to take what she might not dare deny him. He dropped her hand and threw her a kiss from the tips of his fingers as he ran down the steps.

When Alice Reade went to rest that night she saw neither the walls of her bedroom, nor the old four post bedstead, nor the white valance, nor the trifles with which she had decorated her place of retreat. And when she shut her eyes to induce slumber it would not come. Ever present was the lithe figure, the short, light wavy hair, the entrancing smile. But she did not know what it meant. She did not know that the young cavalryman had been cutting his way with the keenest of invisible blades to her innocent heart.

The next morning when she opened her eyes, she remembered the visit of the night before as a happy dream. She could scarcely believe that it was real. She wanted to reassure herself that it was. She got up and stole softly to the window to see the white tents. Cautiously drawing aside the shade she peeped through the opening.

Alas, there was nothing but an empty field.

For a moment Alice wondered if indeed it had not all been a dream.

* * *

A year passed. The territory about Alice Reade's house had been fought over again and again. The Union forces had been driven back far to the north and were now slowly working their way south again. Howe had been ill of camp fever, and had spent several months far from the wild scenes of warfare, tenderly cared for by mother and sisters, and surrounded by the comforts of a luxurious home. In the meanwhile the people of the border states saw no rest from the tumult about them. Howe rejoined his regiment in Tennessee a few weeks before the forward movement of the summer of 1863.

One day while advancing southward with the army he rode up to a house about which officers were standing, within sound of the booming of cannon a short distance to the front. The advance was crossing a river and the enemy was disputing the passage. There was that wrecked appearance about the place which invariably comes with armies. Howe dismounted and rode up to the well for some water to quench his thirst after a hot and dusty ride; then he turned and looked about him. The place seemed familiar. He wondered if he could not have been there before. Suddenly it came to him that he was standing by the very house where he had seen Alice Reade. Then he remembered that he had scarcely thought of the place or of the girl since. He was about to go in and see if she was still there, when an advance signal rang out from a bugle and he put spurs to his horse and rode away.

That evening Howe's squadron went into camp some three miles from the Reade house, and the young officer rode over to make a call upon his former friend. The army had passed beyond the house, which stood alone, back of the picket line, but on the extreme left, and in an exposed position. Howe rode into the yard, from which everything had been stripped even to the little garden patch of vegetables, in those times often the sole dependence of the family for food. Tying his horse to the railing that led up to the porch—there was not a post left in the yard—he mounted the steps and knocked at the door. He waited some time for an answer and then knocked again.

ALICE READE SANK TO THE FLOOR.

"Who's there?" said a frightened voice from within. He recognized it as Alice's.

"A friend—Arthur Howe."

The bolt was withdrawn and the door thrown open. There stood Alice Reade, almost breathless. Worn with excitement during a day in which she had dreaded being with her invalid mother in the midst of a battle field, and afterwards in momentary terror of stragglers, she had nerved herself to answer the knock at the door as she would a summons to execution. The reaction at seeing a friend, one whose image had never left her for a day, scarcely for an hour, since she had first seen him, was too much for her overstrained nerves. She grasped at the door for support. Howe caught her in his arms.

"Alice! child!" he exclaimed; "you're frightened." He couldn't help it; he imprinted a kiss upon her cold lips.

She did not speak. The sense of rest, freedom from terror, protection, was like an elysium into which she had suddenly awakened from a dreadful dream. O that she could lie in those strong arms forever!

Howe led her, almost carried her, to the room where they had spent an evening together a year before. The carpet was covered with dirt; the atmosphere was laden with stale tobacco smoke; the room was almost bare of its former simple decorations.

"And you have remembered me, all this time?" he asked, sitting by her.

He looked into her eyes and knew what words alone could never have made him believe. How in one short evening he could have unconsciously, unintentionally won a heart, was then and ever afterwards a mystery to him. All he knew was that it was his; why, he could not conceive. And Howe was strongly drawn to her. There is something strangely alluring in the first consciousness of possessing a heart; and love comes quick in young days. Then Lieut. Howe was a gallant fellow, reckless and prone to follow every generous impulse.

"Alice! sweetheart!" he said, "you gave me your heart and have not taken it away; though mine has been full of forgetfulness and careless selfishness, I will atone for this. You are my love; my first, my only love. I will never have another. We will enjoy peace, when it comes, together. I will take you with me; I am rich; we will travel; we will see foreign countries; we will do nothing but go about viewing all that is beautiful in this beautiful world."

"O Arthur, please don't talk so; you frighten me. Peace hasn't come. It may never come for us." She clung to him as though some invisible demon of fate were lurking to separate them.

They sat perhaps an hour, the girl unconscious of all save what had been real, then a long dream, now doubly real again; the man feeling himself to be in the presence of an unconscious innocence, a pure love, given freely, yet without hope. He was too young to reckon what this love which had met him in the midst of a hostile country, where he had expected only bloodshed, might bring him. He rejoiced in it with all the ardor of unthinking youth.

"And are you going away again tomorrow morning?" she asked ruefully.

"How can I tell, Alice? I go where I am ordered."

"Oh, how I do wish this war would end!"

"It will soon be over. This campaign will end it," he said, reassuringly.

"I fear it will never end."

Howe did not reply. He seemed suddenly to have caught the spirit of her foreboding.

There is a scene of only five or six seconds' duration, which when it stalks into the chamber of Arthur Howe's memory other recollections flee before it as from a specter. It is the one event of his life. Without it existence would be a pleasure to him; with it there is a scar upon his heart that mars the spiritual beauty of his world.

He had drawn Alice to him to say "good night." Her cheek rested against his, and they were whispering again and again their partings. The night was still; the negroes were all quiet in the under story; the mother was sleeping in an adjoining chamber. Suddenly the pair heard the sound of horses' hoofs. Then a voice directly under the window: "Take the critter. I'll join you at the cross roads." The tread of retreating hoofs told Howe that his horse was gone. Then a heavy step on the porch. Alice clung to her lover in terror.

"The door! the door!" she whispered, white as ashes. "It's unbolted."

The step was in the hall. A gaunt figure dressed in "butternut," a sombrero hat, an empty holster hanging from the waist, stood in the chamber door. The comer lost no time in bringing the weapon he carried in his hand to cover Lieut. Howe.

"Throw up your hands, you — Yankee!"

Howe had kept his seat, but at the first sound without had taken the precaution to draw his revolver, and held it behind him out of sight on the lounge where he sat. Scarcely had the guerrilla spoken when there was a click and a shot almost simultaneously. The intruder was pierced through the body. Howe attempted to fire again within a few seconds. The cap snapped; his weapon missed fire.

The man, though struck mortally, did not drop at once. He stood, the pallor of death spreading over his face. The hand holding the pistol had dropped when Howe fired. Slowly it raised again, pointing the weapon at the young man's breast. There was a mingled bitterness and satisfaction in the eyes of one who knew that if he must die his slayer must die with him.

Simultaneously both Howe and Alice sprang forward, Howe in defense, Alice with a cry, and with but one thought—to save him. With his revolver Howe struck a blow at that of his opponent. There was a report.

Alice Reade sank to the floor.

The rest of what happened on that eventful night is not clear in Howe's memory. He sees it through the haze of a dazed mental condition, as he then saw it through the smoke which seemed to wreathe itself about them like the folds of a serpent. He remembers leaping with brutish fierceness upon the man who, before he reached him, passed from his vengeance. He remembers taking Alice up in his arms and laying her on the lounge; the mother, who had risen from a sick bed; the negroes carrying the lounge with Alice on it to another room; the sound of horses' hoofs, as one dashed down the road for a surgeon; all this he remembers like a confused dream, though he has tried for years to forget it.

"Live, Alice, dear," he cried, as he bent over her, "only live till the surgeon comes. He will save you."

She looked a mournful good-by. "You must live," she whispered. "I must go."

He bowed his head in horror. "I live? I live?" Then he raised his face and looked into her eyes. "I will follow you, if there is death to be found anywhere among the horrors of this horrible war."

She asked him to wind her arms about his neck. He did so, and they were not unwound till an hour after, when, despite his pleadings for her not to leave him, she passed beyond the terrors of war into the eternal peace.

During the rest of those four years, while the armies of the north and of the south surged back and forth over the border states, Howe was greatly changed. He had been the life of his regiment; a cheerful, good natured jester, with none of the fierceness of a trooper. From that night he seemed a demon. He would ride or fight, or both, all day, and when others were asleep he would be off, no one knew where. Many a marauder of those lawless times was surprised at his sudden coming. He would catch sight of a bivouac fire, however distant, and soon learned to know from its situation if it warmed guerrillas. Though he met them at midnight or at early dawn, sleeping or awake, he was never known to bring in a prisoner.

THE GRAVE AND THE PILGRIM.

There is a grave in Tennessee which, each year, when the day comes round for the decoration of graves of those who died in war time, is covered like the rest with flowers. Though it is the grave of a young girl, it holds one who was a sacrifice in the struggle. These flowers are placed by one who, passing the while from youth to age, makes pilgrimages there. The grave is that of Alice Reade; the pilgrim, he in place of whose life she gave her own.

Has Col. Howe—now a white haired man, though not yet 50—a feeling that he is living a life which does not belong to him? Many a fair dame has set a snare for his heart; but he is still a bachelor. Is it constancy? Who knows? Of all the events of those exciting years in which he took a part, there is one of which he never speaks. Because it is so near to his heart, it is far from his lips.

F. A. MITCHEL.

HARD HIT ON THE FIELD.

We had been held in reserve for five long hours while cannon thundered and muskets crackled spitefully along the front a mile away. A procession of dead and wounded had filed past us until we were sick with horror. Shot and shell and bullet had fallen upon us behind the woods until the dry, dead grass bore many a stain of blood.

"Attention! Forward—guide right—march!"

Our brigade was going in at last, and there was a look of relief on the face of every officer and man as we got the word.

"Guide right—front—forward—march!"

As we swung clear of the woods a gust of wind raised the smoke for a minute, and I saw the plain in our front blue with dead and wounded. Away beyond them was a line of earthworks, and I had one swift glimpse of a thin blue line kneeling behind the cover.

"Steady! Right dress! Double quick—march!"

The air is alive with the ping of bullets and the whiz and shrieks of shot and shell. We bend our heads as if breasting a fierce gale laden with icy pellets. There is a wild cry—a shriek—a groan as men are struck and fall to the earth, but no one heeds them—no one hesitates. It is a hurricane of death, but we feel a wild exultation in breasting it. Men shout, curse, sing, swing their hats and cheer.

We are driving through the smoke cloud when there is a flash of fire in front. I seem to rise into the air and float hither and thither, and the sensation is so dreamy and full of rest that I wish it could last forever. It is suddenly broken by the sound of my own voice. Is it my voice? It sounds strange and afar off to me. Why should I cheer and curse by turns? What has happened?

Ah! now I come back to earth again! Above and around me is the smoke—the earth trembles under the artillery—men are lying about and beside me. Where is the brigade? Why did I drop out? I am lying on my back and I struggle to sit up and look around. I rise to my knees, weave this way and that, topple over and struggle up again. There is red, fresh blood on the grass, on my hands, on my face. I taste it on my lips as my parched tongue thrusts itself out in search of moisture.

Who is groaning? Who is shrieking? Who is cheering? And why should I laugh and exult? I will spring up and follow on after the brigade. Here——

* * * * * * *

"How do you feel?"

My eyes are wide open, and I am lying on a cot in a large room. I see people walking about—other people lying on cots like my own.

"I feel all right. Why?"

"You were hard hit in the fight, four days ago, my boy."

"So there was a battle?"

"Yes."

"And I was wounded?"

"Had your left arm shattered by a piece of shell and we had to amputate it."—Detroit Free Press.

"LIKE T'OTHER REGIMENTS."

When the first western soldiers penetrated into the hilly sections of East Tennessee they were not a little disappointed; for the "East Tennessee Unionist" had been glorified in the northwest till he seemed in fancy like a superior being. The boys pronounced the region east of Knoxville a "land of rocks, fist fights and ignorance;" but their amazement reached its height when the first Union troops from the North Carolina side met them. These troops had made up a lot of doggerel poetry with which they answered questions, but as they were more hungry than poetic when they reached the main body, they usually cut off their answer to any question as to their command, in some such fashion as this:

"Second North C'liny regiment,
A fightin' fo' the guvnment—
"Sn-a-y! Got any terbacker?"

If it wasn't tobacco it was generally coffee they wanted. As to solid provision, they could live two or three days on a cold "corn pone" or even a few ears of

LIKE T'OTHER REGIMENT.

corn—spiritual qualities for soldiers at that time and place. Their colonel endeavored to instruct his men by having them follow the motions of the northern regiments, and one of his first orders (when the model regiment "grounded arms") ran thus:

"Second No'th C'liny reegiment! Put yer guns on the graownd, like t'other reegiment does."

They were brave fellows, all the same, and when drilled made splendid soldiers.

A Romance Condensed.

The room was dark, the maiden fair
To fetch a match, she said—
But he persuaded her to stay
And make a match instead.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitudes of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. N. Y.

POLISHES Furniture LUSTRINE CLEANS Furniture

REMOVES SCRATCHES, STAINS, &c.

from House, Office, Hotel, Church and School Furniture.

25c., 50c., AND $1.00 BOTTLES.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND FURNITURE DEALERS.

BOWANEE

TRADE MARK.

Queen of Dyspepsia,

NEURALGIA IN STOMACH,

INDIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE.

CONSTIPATION, NERVOUS DEBILITY,

AND ALL TROUBLES ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STOMACH.

Try it, and you will find for once you have not been deceived. For sale by your druggist

BOWANEE MEDICINE CO., Dayton, Ohio

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A PRETTY THING

For Summer Wear is one of those Flannel Shirts

KLEINMAIER BROS.

Are displaying in their windows this week!

Scotch Flannels!

In fine Silk and Cotton Warps, made by the

Manhattan Shirt Mills

[Which means they are perfect in make and fit.]

BELTS! BELTS!

Are the proper thing for ease and style.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

THE MARION DAILY STAR

Published Every Evening Except Sunday

—BY—

W. G. HARDING.

TERMS:

By Mail.....$4 per Year in Advance
Delivered by Carrier.....10 Cts. per Week

THURSDAY, - - - MAY 30

THE Prohibition State convention should not be lost sight of. It will be held at Zanesville July 25 and 26. Rev. Dr. Helbrig, of Springfield, is spoken of as the probably nominee for Governor.

A CHARLESTON, S. C., paper says the time is coming when all the southern negroes will vote the Democratic ticket, and then it will be counted for all its worth. Admitting the first statement, there is no paper in the country prepared to dispute the latter.

MR. RICE, editor of the North American Review, has left an estate of about five millions, and there are no direct heirs to inherit it. Here is an instance of an editor dying rich, but we remember at the same time that Mr. Rice did not publish a paper and grind out the news

THE weather would indicate that this was the fourth of July, the rain is so persistent and so unceasing. But the rain has only cut off display today; the brave and heroic dead are remembered in the hearts of the people, whether the symbolic flowers are gracefully strewn or not.

COL. COOPER'S little boomlet for Governor has not busted, by any means. The Colonel knows a thing or two about politics and is swimming smoothly. In view of this fact we do not expect any toes to be trampled by postoffice or pension appointments, until after the convention.

THE rain has done one good thing—it has stopped the repair work on the streets for a day. Perhaps, if it continues to pour every day until the Council meets, we may get some relief without further damage. We should like to forget this topic on Memorial Day, but alas! we can not.

YEAR after year the interest of the veterans in this sacred holiday and of the people in the veterans, grows deeper and more patriotic. "Of the dead no heaps are forming," but each new Decoration day shows diminished numbers in the ranks, whiter hair and feebler marching, more and more of the sadness of conscious physical decrepitude.

THE United States has no reason to be ashamed of her exhibit of general machinery at the big French Exposition, and she has great reason to be proud of her complete and valuable exhibit of curious and interesting electrical machines of all sorts. In matters electric, as well as in several other things, the Yankees lead the world.

Clifton.

Tom Charles is on the sick list.

Clifton boys talk of a brass band again.

Sherm Southwick went to Upper Sandusky Saturday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bain spent part of Tuesday and Wednesday at Marion.

George Baker, the efficient band teacher of Scott Town, was here Tuesday.

Noah Lucas, of Hepburn, was in town last week. He says every thing is booming on the farm.

The Scott Town band carried off the cake at Forest last week. This band is hard to head off.

Milligan Snyder has secured a corner on all the greens growing on the Clifton section.

Mr. A. C. Brady has invented a garden plow, that does away with a horse to operate it. Patented.

D. H. Clifton and Link Morral are ready for the farmers' wool. Clipping has commenced.

Business on the C. and A. is extremely dull, yet Clifton station has forwarded over 20 car loads for May.

Great arrangements are being made for a grand ball, at Hoover's Hall, Thursday night, next week. Ice cream and lemonade are among the delicacies on the program.

This is good cut worm weather. Notwithstanding the same, however, farmers report that the worms are not working up on the corn to any great extent, as yet.

The time for Sunday school picnics is approaching, and, by the way, why can't the Clifton school get up a rouser? It's their time, this summer. Shady woods are handy.

Charley Noyes, of near Clifton, was in town Monday, on his way to Chicago, to make arrangements for his fast horses at the Chicago races. Charly owns some flyers.

Young & Lindsay, of Forest, O., are looking over Clifton and surrounding country in view of erecting a grain elevator here. They are very favorably impressed with location, and we think they will locate a branch of their business here.

Rev. John Bain, Sunday night last, preached the memorial sermon of the year, at the new school house, to a full house. Rev. Bain's discourse was very interesting throughout and commanded the closest attention from first to last. As this was the first memorial sermon ever preached at Clifton, it was greatly appreciated.

Next saturday a week, closes the schools for the year at Clifton. Mr. John Bain Jr., our very efficient teacher, is making extensive preparations for a school picnic on the day named, to take place in the beautiful grove adjoining the school house. Several other neighboring schools will be invited. All kinds of edibles will be in season and a general, good, out-door time indulged in. In the evening, at the school building, the grand finale will take place, in way of a grand entertainment, by the scholars of the school and others, also three addresses, viz: "The Past," by John Bain, Jr., "The Present," by Grant Mousier. "The Future," by Mr. H. E. Hill. All invited.

May 29. JOE SPIKES.

Lalique.

In my last letter, in reference to the teachers elected here, it read "The elections all give satisfaction excepting one, that of Mr. Crabtree, who is the only one that is inexperienced." It should have read thus. "The selections are all measureably satisfactory excepting one. Mr. Crabtree is the only one inexperienced. He was elected, however, without opposition. He is a young man of good appearance and good habits, a son of Rev. Crabtree, of Lalique. He will probably prove himself worthy of the position to which he has been elected." There has been no complaint about his election that I know of. This correction is necessary in justice to Mr. Crabtree. In my letter I did not name the one objected to, but left that with the interested.

Rev. Zell preached a memorial discourse on Sunday. I was not there, but I learn it was lengthy.

Rev. Zell, recently of this place, is now in Kansas, and has been for some time.

The suicide reported in my last was really true, but I have not learned the cause. Different reports are afloat.

The railway track is being repaired nicely along here. We shall have smooth riding perhaps.

I heard a wool buyer say that wool would start at twenty seven cents probably here. In my opinion it will sell for from thirty to thirty five cents finally. A large supply of woolen goods are on hand, and this no doubt will have a tendency to keep the price down some, but the people settled the tariff question last fall and put a quietus to the free trade question. This will help the wool market more or less.

The hum of business in the Bechtold shop reminds us of the days of Mr. Bechtold's administration. Mr. Packer, the son-in-law, seems to be re-establishing the business.

Fruit prospects here are uneven, some orchards are showing a moderate supply and others look very slim. The late frost and cool weather will cause a portion of it to fall off, and in my opinion the crop will be light.

The corn looks yellow in many fields, and the frost set it back a week or more. Beans and tender plants went under in many places.

Mrs. Rogers, a dressmaker from Delaware, has dropped down in LaRue and has a room at Drakes. We had a full supply in this direction, but new brooms sweep clean.

The new barber in the Holland shop seems to be a modest and gentlemanly man and a good barber.

The attempt to rob Fred Turner was published in the STAR. The youthful robber was bold enough, but green and inexperienced.

A couple of young bloods had a fight in LaRue recently. No bones were broken or bad bruises received.

Report says that Frank Schoultz, the grocer, is going to vacate LaRue and locate in Morral.

Healthy hereabouts, nothing but a chance old case lingering.

Gaston & Mealy are running their new livery stable successfully.

C. is building an up ground cellar fifteen by twenty five, and a double wall, of brick.

Mr. Virden has finished up a new barn.

May 29. C.

A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.

This is an old adage, and a true one, and no one will dispute it. It applies to so many things generally, and to Louise's Red Clover Blossoms for the cure of rheumatism, especially. It is a remedy that cannot be excelled.

Sold in Marion, O., by W. B. Foye, Druggist

Current Events Condensed.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 28. The failure of the Scranton City bank causes but little excitement. Mr. Guston, the assignee, has taken charge of the institution, and the depositors believe that they will be paid in full.

At 11:30 P. M.

He—Why the incessant motion with the fan, Miss Sweetlips? You made me start.

She—That is just what I wanted to do.—Burlington Free Press.

A MODERN CLEOPATRA.

GREAT AND EVIL FORTUNE OF PAULINE BONAPARTE'S NIECE.

Beautiful and Agreeable, She Is Surrounded by the Wise, the Witty and the Powerful—A Great Sorrow That Came Through Her Love for Her Little Daughter.

Never say that one is fortunate till you witness the close of his or her life. You must have seen in your diplomatic wanderings in Paris, Turin, Florence, Rome and Madrid that worthy niece (in regard to beauty and so on) of Pauline Bonaparte, Marie Laetitia Bonaparte-Wyse, successively, by her marriages, Comtesse de Solms, Signora Rattazzi and Dona de Rute.

Was there ever a human being whose life seemed so rosy as hers, or whom nature had made more proof to the vexations and troubles which lie heavy on most daughters of Eve? In many respects this fair offshoot of the Bonapartes afforded a parallel to Cleopatra, who, Mrs. Jameson says, was bewitching to the last because she exercised the sorcery of good nature. Like Cleopatra, Marie Bonaparte-Wyse was sparkling, genial, magnificent, of a happy-go-lucky temper and Bohemian. If one looks upon Bohemianism as emancipation from cant and mind crippling prejudices, some of which, I own, may have their social uses.

HER GUESTS AT THE "FOLLY."

She had always in her train the most eminent men of the different capitals, in which she turned up periodically to shine out for a short time in splendid belongings and surroundings. She also shone as a muse, whose fingers were never soiled with ink, and who stole from Venus her girdle and cortege of graces. Her house, or palace, or chalet, near Aix, was in the daytime given up to authorship, editorship and preparation for festivity, and to elegant revelry in the evening. The lady of the house when she saw company (and nobody ever knew when she was not seeing it) was in raiment of dazzling beauty. But she looked in it and in her wondrous jewelry as pleased as a child in a pretty Sunday frock, and courted admiration in a way that enhanced her sorcery.

I never saw Lady Blessington, she having been long before my time. But I fancy that there must have been points of similarity between her Gore house parties and those of the particular great niece of the great Napoleon of whom I speak. A more picturesque or amusing salon than that of Mme. Rattazzi de Rute nobody could fancy. She was constant to old friends, was always recruiting new ones, and was hospitable to all. Old Dumas used to copy manuscripts and help to cook her dinners, which were served on vermeil plate, with the imperial crown and eagle engraved on them. A few winters ago she entertained four prime ministers, Baron von Beust, De Lesseps, Castelar, and lards from all parts, at a joyous dinner at Trouville.

The most roseate phase of her life was at the Hotel d'Aquila, which she afterward sold to Mrs. Mackay's sister. She was then for three or four years the widow of Sig. Rattazzi, and then the bride of a quite young Spanish deputy, Don Luis de Rute. The Hotel d'Aquila was a "folly" of the uncle of the ex-king of Naples, who ruined himself in building it, and was fitted up by Mme. Rattazzi according to her Cleopatran taste for elegant magnificence. The hall was surrounded by marble busts and statues of the Bonaparte family, and facing the emperor was one of herself letting fall an armful of roses.

THE SORROW THAT CAME.

Don Luis de Rute was a nephew of Rosas, the Spanish liberal, a man of many accomplishments, and the undeniable country man of Don Quixote. If ever a man was held in willing bondage by a woman, he was by his wife, of whom he was the devoted, humble servant, never seeking to curtail her liberty or objecting to any of her friends. The glamour she cast upon him when he first saw her as a muse at Madrid, surrounded by a court of lords and statesmen, never faded from his eyes. She valued his devotion to her and to a beautiful daughter whom she had had by Rattazzi, and became deeply in love with him. Mme. de Rute presented her husband with twins, one of whom died at its birth. The surviving one was called Dolores or "Lola." It seemed a ridiculous misnomer. All that was joyous and rosy in the mother's life appeared to be incarnate in the child, which was a paragon of infantile beauty and precocious wit and intellect. Dolores became the idol of the household, and was as sunshine wherever she went. People used to say what luck her mother had to be so blessed in her maternity. But wait a bit. The luck was to bring forth an eternal blight and sorrow upon sorrow.

Lola was playing in her mother's grounds at Aix. A horse near which she ran lashed out and kicked her on the forehead. The child was taken in dead to father and mother, with her brains oozing out through a gash. I could not have conceived the latter broken hearted and utterly crushed had I not seen her. Since this calamity she took no interest in anything but portraits and busts of Lola, which she tried to paint and model from memory. The unfortunate De Rute said to me: "The least thing would now kill me. Since Dolores was taken from me I feel an old man, though not yet forty-five. The gashed forehead of the little beauty is always present in my mind. It's a misfortune to have a tender heart, because heart sufferings are so excruciating." I see in the papers that a small thing did carry off this distinguished and amiable Spaniard. He caught a cold at Granada, which developed into inflammation of the lungs and killed him. He died with a cross in L.'s hand in which a lock of the child's hair was set, and which he cut off when she was brought into him lifeless. I wonder which is the more to be pitied—the empress of Austria or poor Mme. Rattazzi de Rute?—Paris Cor. London Truth.

TRULY POLITE.

"Naughty boys," said Johnny's mother, "oft are rude to one another, but I hope that you'll remember careless manners are not right;
And wherever and whatever your surroundings, will endeavor to be, scrupulously, cheerfully and ceaselessly polite."

"That I will," said Johnny sweetly, and he kept his word completely, and said "Please," and "Beg your pardon," in a way that's seldom heard
And "Allow me," and "Excuse me"—oh, it really would confuse me to enumerate his phrases as they constantly occurred

As a youth and as a man, he still adhered unto the plan he had so earnestly adopted as his gentle rule of life,
And was often deferential when it wasn't quite essential, as for instance to his servants and his children and his wife

When his business up and bursted, and his creditors were worsted, with civility he told them he regretted much an end,
And at his wife's demising with a courtesy surprising, he responded "Dead, I thank you" to the question of a friend

What I write is but a sample of the daily, bright example which he set, to show how life by proper manners may be greased
Would that we might see another one so mindful of his brother, but alas! he isn't born, and John, alack! is long deceased

—Mrs. George Archibald

A Sensible Agent.

An agent who had made a study of human nature stopped at a gate on Second avenue the other day and asked of a small boy digging plantains out of the grass:

"Bub, is your mother home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Changed hired girls within a week?"

"No, sir."

"House cleaning all done?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got her new spring bonnet?"

"She has."

"Children well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Father go away good natured this morning?"

"He did."

"Then I guess I'll ring the bell and try to sell her a picture."

She took two, and asked him to call in a day or two with a $7 family Bible.—Detroit Free Press.

The Offense Unpardonable.

"Wahlonia," said her mother, "your little playmate, John Lawrence Ticklowell, has not been here for some time. Have you and he quarreled?"

"I have intimated to him, mamma," replied the little Boston 7-year-old, "that I cannot associate with him any more. I can overlook his habit of putting his napkin under his chin at dinner," continued the little girl, wiping off her spectacles thoughtfully, "for it is minor matters of this kind it is customary among the intellectual to permit some latitude, but he told me a fortnight ago he was tired of beans for a steady diet."—Chicago Tribune.

A Startling Possibility.

A bright little lad sitting by his father's side in a pew of the Green Ridge Presbyterian church, Sunday morning, was given a coin to put upon the collection plate. No sooner had he deposited the coin than in a loud whisper and excited manner he asked: "Papa, have you saved my circus money? A smile broad enough to go over a large section of pews was completed by the circumstances.—Scranton Truth.

Natural Uneasiness.

The stranger in New York city was talking earnestly and excitedly to the hotel clerk.

"I am a remarkably heavy sleeper," he said, "and often the in last hours and hours after everybody else is up. Promise me," he entreated, as his face grew pale with fear, "that if I should happen to sleep till noon tomorrow you will not let any of your city physicians undertake to perform an autopsy on me!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Stupid Drummer.

Member of Firm—How do you like the looks of the new drummer I have engaged?

Partner—To tell the truth, he looks awful stupid.

"That's his strong point. He has such a stupid look that the customers will give him orders out of pure sympathy."—Texas Siftings.

Depends on Circumstances.

"How much land do you own around your house?"

"Well, when I bought it I paid for 5,000 feet, but whenever I try to run a lawn mower all over it I conclude I must have got about five acres."—Boston Herald

Wanted a Mender.

Griggs—Since I left the parental roof I have accumulated about 200 pairs of socks, which with a little mending would be as good as new. Who do you think I could get to mend them?

Briggs—A wife would be cheapest.—Texas Siftings.

Like Farms on Right.

An old lady in Vermont who had been maintained for years by charitable acquaintances, but was about to be taken to the poor house, fell heir last week to $40,000. Old ladies received a subscription at this office.—Old City Blizzard

Culture's Reign.

Mrs. Highfather—Has the Browning cult reached your town yet, Mr. Boreum?

Mr. Boreum—No, he hain't yet, but we've got a young loss by the name of Tetlocks that'll beat him to shucks, I'll bet.—Burlington Free Press

Misapplied Slang.

"Cut it short!" said an annoyed patron to a talkative barber. "All right" and the scissors swept by the board the port side of a pet mustache.—Evening Wisconsin

Would Like to Try.

Blabbins (during a conversational lapse)—Do you ever snore, Miss Maloney?

Miss Maloney (yawning absent mindedly)—No, but I'd like to.—Chicago Herald

A Mild Request.

Collins (to McCann, the foreman)—Say, John! wind yez jist as hiel av Murphy, be as me, t'shwing his sludge sideways'—Judge.

A Duty to Yourself.

It is surprising that people will use a common cathartic pill when they can secure a vegetable one for the same money. Dr. Acker's English pills are a positive cure for sick headache and Liver troubles. They are small, easily taken and do not gripe. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co.

—Dr. B. Mineer, optician and optician of Detroit, Mich., who is now a resident of Marion, will visit this city and county. Any one suffering with weak eyes, or requiring spectacles or other glasses, should not fail to see him. Orders left at the post office will receive prompt attention. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Sundays excepted. He will be found in Marion at residence, 155 S. Prospect st. every day after 4 p. m.

Good Against the Strike.

And what a boon it is the Dr. Acker's English Remedy in the house. You cannot tell how soon Croup may strike your little one, or how severe a cough may fasten itself upon you. One dose is a preventive and a few doses a positive cure. All throat and lung troubles need but little treatment. Acker's Remedy guaranteed by H. C. Hoberman & Co.

The "Horrors" of War.

The boys of the Sixth Indiana cavalry relate as a fact (though no one swears to it) that on entering a region in Tennessee which had just suffered its first visit from scouting parties, an old woman issued from a rather pretentious dwelling and addressed the captain in front as follows:

"Gin'ral, I want you to go right off an' stop this war, for it's offul hard on we 'uns. This mawnin' some o' Gineral Morgan's critter men was in them woods thar and some o' you uns walk men come in an' got into a line o' fight right in my yard an' knocked down my new ash hopper, what I wouldn't a tuck two dollars and a quarter fer."

A Healthy Growth.

Acker's Blood Elixir has gained a firm hold on the American people and is acknowledged to be superior to all other preparations. It is a positive cure for all Blood and Skin Diseases. The medical fraternity endorse and prescribe it. Guaranteed and sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co.

Spottsylvania—Night of May 12, 1864.

The cannon's hush'd,
nor drum nor clarion sounds;
The sword and musket glimmer upon the ground;
Horseman and horse
lie weltering in their gore;
Patriots are dead
and Peace dawns
no more;
While softly the
moonlight threads
the place
And lights to glory

Happiness and Contentment

Cannot exist in the home where a chronic case of dyspepsia exists. Nothing will relieve it and restore a healthy condition so quickly as Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Constipation and Indigestion and make rich blood and good appetite. Sold at 25 and 50 cents by H. C. Hoberman & Co.

I want to tell suffering humanity what was the matter with and what cured me. I broke out with rash, the most uncomfortable thing I ever had because it itched so and I had to tear my hands to get ease. You could not see the scabs on my hands they were so many pimples, but those of one bottle Acker's Blood Elixir cured me.

I. A. SMITH,
St. Clair & W. Ry.
Toledo, O.

Sold in Marion, O., by W. B. Foye, Druggist

A Child Killed.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of Soothing syrups. Why mothers give their children such deadly poisons or surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no Opium or Morphine. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co.

NO DUST OR DIRT. NO SMOKE OR SMELL.

ENAMELINE
AN IMPROVEMENT IN
STOVE POLISH
NEVER BURNS OR STAINS
NO BRUSH REQUIRED.
ALWAYS READY. HAS NO EQUAL.

A PASTE IN TIN BOX. IT SAVES ½ OF THE WORK

Get Sample FREE from your Local Dealer.

HOYT'S
GERMAN
COUGH
CURE

The greatest remedy in the world for all acute attacks to throat and lungs, for adults as well as children. Price, 50 cents.

MODOC
IS THE ONLY
COMBINED
SOAP CLEANER
AND
POLISHER

LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH. CLEANS AND POLISHES ALL METALS AND WOOD WORK WITHOUT SCRATCHING.

5 CENTS A CAKE. Ask Your Grocer.

The MODOC TRIPOLI MINING CO. Cincinnati, O.

FULL WEIGHT PURE
DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

DR. PRICE'S
DELICIOUS
FLAVORING
EXTRACTS
NATURAL FRUIT FLAVORS

Used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities and Public Food Analysts, as the strongest, purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, Almond Rose, etc., do not contain Poisonous Oils or Chemicals.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., New York. Chicago. St. Louis.

MOTHER STRONG

Paine's Celery Compound

BEAMISH DYES

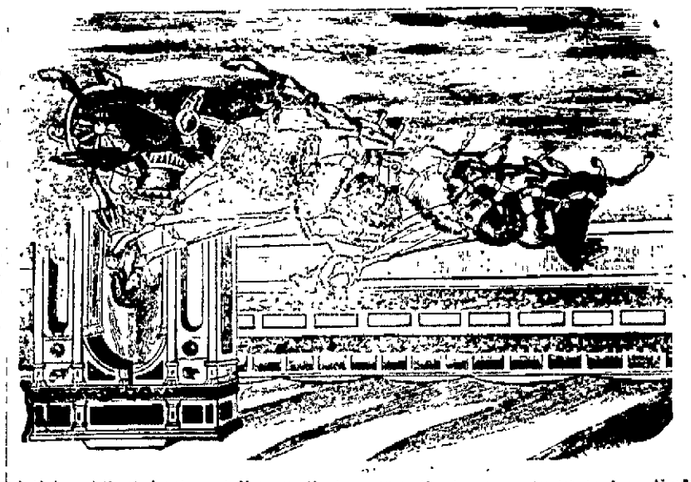
FRANK A. ROBBINS'

Gigantic and Sensational Realistic

WILD WEST!

Hippodrome. Caravan.

Circus, Menagerie, Museum, Aviary and Aquarium.



A Colossal Confederation of Famous Features from the American Institute, New York City, will exhibit at

MARION, MON., JUNE 3.

ADVERTISE IN THE STAR,

THE—

BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

—IN—

MARION COUNTY

$1,000 Reward!

FOR EVERY CASE OF

Nasal or Post Nasal Catarrh

—THAT—

DR. LIVINGSTON'S

POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH

FAILS TO CURE.

Every bottle is guaranteed or money refunded when our rules and instructions are carried out in full. The only catarrh medicine of merit, and the only Company that gives you this chance. This is to show the public that we do not come before the people with a worthless nostrum, but one of merit. Do not let your druggist sell you a bottle unless it has our guarantee on same. For sale by all drug trade. **Price, $1.00 Per Bottle.** If your druggist does not have it, send $1, and we will pay express charges.

LIVINGSTON MEDICINE CO., - DAYTON, OHIO.

SALESMEN WANTED—NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Permanent positions guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Peculiar advantages to beginners. Outfit free. Complete outfit including many fast-selling specialties. We guarantee what we advertise. Write at once to Brown Bros., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. (This house is reliable.)

FOR MEN ONLY!

A POSITIVE CURE For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD: General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD FULLY RESTORED. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK ORGANS and PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT. Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States, Territories and Foreign countries. Book, full explanation and proofs (sealed) FREE. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Impotence and fully endorse Dr. [illegible] as the only one for the certain cure of this disease.
C. D. LINGHAM, M. D.,
Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, O.
Omaha, Neb.
Trade [illegible] 691,669. Sold by Druggists.

MEN ONLY. A GREAT MEDICAL WORK for MEN, just published, sent free, sealed. Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Errors, etc. BOOK Free. Erie Med. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

DISEASES OF MEN ONLY

Blood Poison, Diseases of Kidneys, Bladder and other organs, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, results of Errors in Youth are speedily and permanently cured. Consultation and treatment personal or by mail. Address DR. GRIEBOLD, 171 W. 125th St., New York.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated

LIVER PILLS

WILL CURE

SICK HEADACHE.

A few doses taken at the right time will often save a severe spell of sickness. Price only 25 cents at any drug store. Be sure and see that Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., is on the box. None other is Genuine.

Use IVORY POLISH for the Teeth. PREVENTS THE BREATH.

LONG LIFE

There is nothing in the world more generally desired than long life, yet the majority of people put off caring for their health just because they are really careless, but because we live our lives at such a pace we have not time to give the subject sufficient thought until we receive a reminder in the shape of a severe illness.

Then, too, we are constantly bewildered by the various schools of medicine, and the physicians who represent them, and often blunder in our choice of a doctor.

If people only knew that the very best health-keeper, life-preserver, and disease-preventer that has yet been discovered, is summed up into a concentrated and very palatable form in the shape of New Style Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, they would not hesitate a moment to try it.

But they do not know. How can they know, when so many not only worthless, but positively injurious drugs are constantly flooding the market under various names guises, that the New Style Vinegar Bitters is as bad as any of them?

They do not know, of course, unless they have the courage to try the New Style. It straightens out a tangled-up system in a very short while, and those who buy it once buy it always.

Why don't you try it, reader? It is sent out by a responsible house, and is exactly as represented. It costs but a dollar for a very large bottle. Try it once and you will never be so glad of anything in your life. Your druggist may not have it, but he will order it for you. Be sure it says New Style Pleasant Taste on cotton and bottle before you take it. Try it, and you will feel happier than if you had found a gold mine, for it really is a mine of health.

Free from alcohol and opium; composed of expensive herbs and roots, with a fine, delicate flavoring.

Send for a beautiful Book free.

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.

Cor. Washington & Charlton Sts.,

NEW YORK CITY

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

H. J. SCHOLL

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

Wholesale Dealer

—IN—

Choice Cigars

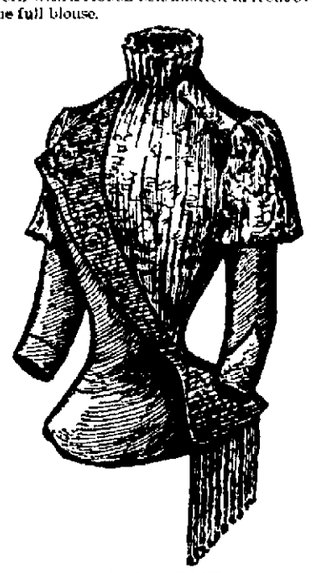
Everybody smokes his make of cigars.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

FASHIONS THAT ARE APPROVED BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

How a Waist of Silk and Wool to Wear with Various Skirts—A Dressy Apron of Silk and Lace Described and Illustrated.

House waists to wear with various skirts of different material give variety to a lady's toilet, and may be worn at any hour of the day. Sometimes these bodices are of silk or wool; sometimes they are made in figured silks, quaint, small patterned brocades, or else in India silks. Pongee silks are useful for bolted waists for the house or for traveling, with the tucks of the yoke and sleeves feather stitched in colors. White veiling and the silk striped flannels are prettily made up with blouse fronts and fitted tucked back, worn with a ribbon belt knotted in front over the full blouse.



A UNIQUE BODICE.

In the annexed cut is shown an apple green Amazon cloth bodice, quaintly adorned with a single diagonal revers, which is tamboured with silver thread and finished off with a deep tapering fringe in steel and opalescent beads. The left side is in lace or embroidered muslin, gathered up round the throat to form a high ruffle, and a frilling along the left shoulder; short semi-sleeves to match.

The changeable silks and surahs make pretty belted waists with full sleeves, shirred or tucked fronts and backs, and sometimes with a plain yoke to which the fullness of the bodice is attached with a narrow upright ruffle and slight shirring.

Novelties in Hosiery.

In old days a blue stocking was held in such detestation that those who were supposed to wear one gave the name to a coterie of women with minds stronger than the rest. Now blue stockings—indeed, hose of every hue—threaten to be very much the fashion, and black, which people have been content to wear with almost every dress, are to be set aside. Some exceedingly pretty kinds are being introduced. One of the newest has stripes from toe to top, both ribbed and open. Another novelty is the introduction of open work at the side only, and some with a set pattern, which covers the front of the foot and tapers towards a point, are marvels of fine embroidery and fine weaving, for the two go together. Thread stockings have been brought to such perfection that they can hardly be told from silk, and have the advantage of wearing better. Some are both printed and open worked, the combination having a most excellent effect.

Materials Used in Millinery.

The materials used in millinery show much beautiful silk colored embroidery on lisse, a great deal of gauze of many kinds, and some in quite new designs of creping; an inexpensive cotton kind is new and makes a great show. Gauze ribbons and insertions are much employed, and a gold stockingnet, which is used veiled with lace. Crepe de Chine is sold in all colors, and a new make of silk, of curious weaving, called grain de poudre, quite different to armure royale, has been introduced.

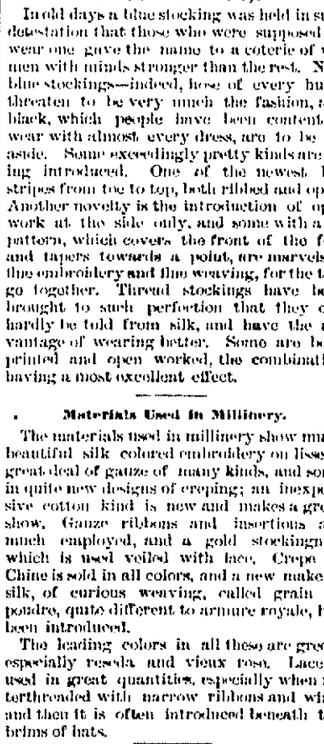
The leading colors in all these are green, especially reseda and vieux rose. Lace is used in great quantities, especially when interthreaded with narrow ribbons and wire, and then it is often introduced beneath the brims of hats.

How to Display Choice Gems.

Elsie Bee tells, in Jewelers' Circular, that a fashion lately introduced for the better display of very choice gems, and thought by many to be "something new under the sun," is, in point of fact, a modification of an old style indulged in by English dames many, many years ago. The fashion is for an owner of fine gems to match her own fair or dark tresses, as the case chances to be, with bands of hair, to which single stones, set in gold or silver, are securely attached. These gem laden bands are threaded in with the coiffure and produce a decidedly novel effect. The old fashion alluded to was that of fine hair nets studded with gems and put on over the natural coiffure.

A Bazar Apron.

Dressy aprons, usually known as bazar aprons, because often worn at fairs by the flower girls and ladies at the stalls, are useful accessories to home dress.



A DRESSY APRON.

In the illustration shown an apron made in checked foulard ornamented trimmed with Valenciennes lace, indicate the fan shaped, with bretelles over the in line. The apron is tied at the back with on.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

The Remarkable Experience of a Patient Under the Influence of Ether.

An interesting instance of the very peculiar dreams or visions sometimes resulting from the inhalation of sulphuric ether, which have been termed the "anæsthetic revelation," is related by a correspondent of Science News, who took ether for a surgical operation. He says:

I felt that the life was quitting my extremities all around, and concentrating at the center of my body, leaving nothing but inert matter outside. A moment came when the last conscious wag of the tongue was possible, and with it I said "Good-by." I was fully conscious that I was about to launch into an unknown sea. The complete log book of that cruise is certainly not in my memory, but I find some faint traces of it.

I seemed to be in the presence of a multitude of persons who were being arranged by some mystical agency in a series of classes or ranks, like soldiers drilling. In some inexplicable way this drill work was identified with the great work of God, and his purpose in creating the universe. I was a passive subject of certain evolutions in which I was placed for a short time in one class or rank, and then for a short time in another. Mr. N. had much of the care of marshaling us here and there, and Mr. B., the noted almanac maker, stood by, with pencil and paper, full of intense calculations and mathematical estimates of the results of each of these evolutions.

The stake that was involved in these movements was nothing short of the everlasting settlement of the destiny of the human race, and the casting out of evil. The spirit that pervaded the whole movement was that of intense care and precision, and enthusiastic bursts of rapture, applause and laughter followed each successive arrangement.

Regularly and rapidly a certain crisis approached. Just at this stage of the proceedings two lines of verses were put into my mind, one of which terminated with "Ha, ha, ha," and the other with "Hurrah, hurrah," and I thought that I was appointed to finish the whole performance by repeating this doggerel.

I wondered much at the arrangement, but said I would obey. I spoke the first word or two of it. Instantly the whole drama of the universe broke in upon my spiritual vision like a lightning flash. I was conscious that when I should finish the last harrah, the work of the world and the universe, so far as it had anything to do with evil, would be finished, and my cheers would be joined by those of untold millions, surging up from the hearts of the redeemed of the human race. You may be sure that I gave that last hurrah with an emphasis. Those in the room can testify to that. But it was scarcely out of my mouth before consciousness returned.

I was afterwards told that my trance lasted about twenty minutes.

Motorpathy.

In the treatment of infantile paralysis, Bernard Roth, F. R. C. S., Eng., has used motorpathy with great success, employing the massage movements of kneading, circular friction, fulling and firm stroking down; and where a muscle is still under the control of the will, if it be ever so slight, Swedish exercise is brought into requisition, the alternate resistance of surgeon and patient proving most efficacious. To these he adds a course of light gymnastics as the patient begins to regain control over the muscles. He affirms that if there be ever so small an amount of voluntary power left, some improvement should be seen in a month, and a marked improvement by the end of three months.

Gum Chewing.

Dr. De Armond reports the case of a patient cured of dyspepsia by chewing gum for an hour or more after every meal and swallowing the saliva. The nature of the trouble was that, after meals and until digestion was completed, the patient had pains in his stomach, a feeling of thinness more discomforting than painful, and a constant tendency to eructation of food.

To Prevent Scars from Burns.

In the healing of burns and scalds, where there is danger of contracting scars, rub the new skin several times a day with good sweet oil. Persist in this rubbing until the skin is soft and flexible.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE

A Graceful Interchange of Courtesies by the Families of an Engaged Couple.

Families about to be allied by marriage often experience a certain amount of difficulty and hesitation in initiating acquaintanceship. It not unfrequently happens that a bride-elect is not introduced to some members of the bridegroom's family until the wedding day; but this is generally the case as regards the more distant members of his kindred. Parents, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, should, if possible, make her acquaintance as soon as the engagement is announced.

In most cases the bridegroom's family should take the first step in this direction, and any want of cordiality or coolness displayed on their part is likely to give rise to "strained relations" in the future, especially if the bridegroom's family is more wealthy or in a higher social position than that of the bride. When the reverse is the case, however, and the bride's family possess these advantages in a marked degree, the advances must still come from the bridegroom's family, even if they are not received with any degree of pleasure and the feeling is allowed to be too apparent that the daughter is making a "bad marriage." These advances, variously made, have all the same end, to please the bridegroom and to pronounce upon the bride.

The first step is usually a letter of congratulation, of welcome, followed by a call on her mother and herself, or she is invited to spend a few days with the bridegroom's parents, which is considered by some brides-elect to be somewhat of a trying ordeal, especially if the family circle is a large one. The bridegroom is not called upon to run the gauntlet of this family opinion in this summary manner. He is generally on the best of terms with all the members of the bride-elect's family before she occupies this position towards him. He is thoroughly at home in her home, having been welcomed and feted and made much of by all related to her, more especially by her mother; and even if his position, from a money point of view, is not everything that might be wished, yet, as the bridegroom-elect of one of the daughters, he is a person to be greatly considered and studied. The brothers regard him as one of themselves; the sisters approve of him on many grounds, and he enjoys a halcyon time, to take it all in all.

Very often the bride elect is equally at home with the bridegroom's family. He is perhaps a school or college friend of one of her brothers, or the son of an old family friend, or the son of a neighbor, or the son of one of the partners in her father's firm, or, oftener still, he is a cousin or a connection. Thus there are no preliminaries to be got through, no awkward moments to pass at a first introduction, and she knows that she will neither be criticised nor put through her paces, so to speak, while after the first surprise, which usually follows the announcement of an engagement, the relations on both sides accept it as a matter of course.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

A HALF HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT FOR OUR YOUTHFUL READERS.

How an Intelligent Horse Punished Some Thoughtless Boys for Teasing a Goat That Was Grazing in the Same Field—Clive's Transforming Feats.

A horse and a goat were in the habit of grazing together in a field rented for the purpose by their owner, who was a coal dealer by trade. During the pleasant spring days a company of young school boys, who ought to have known better, amused themselves by chasing the goat and throwing stones at it.

TURNED OUT OF THE FIELD.

This they did on several occasions, and each time the horse saw its friend attacked it galloped up to the rescue and drove the boys off. One day the leader of this gang of young rascals struck the goat sharply with a big stick. This had no sooner been done than the horse seized the boy by the collar of his jacket and flung him over the fence into the road. It need hardly be told that his companions fled before the infuriated animal had time to eject them from the field, and that ever after the goat was permitted to graze in peace.

The Magician's Palace.

Homer, in his great poem, "The Odyssey," tells of the wanderings of Ulysses, king of Ithaca, after the war of Troy. An incident in these wanderings has been simply told for Young Folks' Monthly as follows:

After escaping from giants and sirens, Ulysses and his companions found themselves in the center of a valley where there was a magnificent palace of snow white marble in a grove of trees. The blue smoke went curling up from the chimney, giving a promise of a welcome and a feast to the weary travelers.

Some of Ulysses' men went up to the palace, entered the door, and found a beautiful hall hung with pictures and mirrors. They heard the voices of maidens singing sweet songs, and the odor of a delicious feast was wafted in upon them. While they were waiting, a most beautiful lady, named Circe, who was an enchantress, came into the room and welcomed them. She invited them into the dining hall, placed each one on a throne blazing with jewels, and ordered the feast to be brought in. The men ate of her dainty meats and drank her choice wines. They were greedy men, and gorged themselves like swine.

Suddenly the enchantress waved her wand over them and they were changed into hogs, and were driven from their thrones out into the back yard and placed among the other swine and fed on swine's food. Only one man had refused to eat. He went back to the ships and told Ulysses the sad story. Ulysses put on his armor and started for the palace. On the way he was warned of his danger by a messenger from heaven (Mercury). Mercury plucked a flower with a black root, but snow white blossoms, of exquisite odor, and gave it to Ulysses. So long as Ulysses kept this flower by him he was safe. With this magic plant he went to the palace. The enchantress could not change him as she had the others. Ulysses made her restore his men to their proper form.

The Bootblack.

Oh! a sooty fiend and a dwarfish form
And a saucy tongue has he,
And a ready wit, and he swings his "kit,"
And lives life merrily—
With a—"Shine 'em? Shine 'em? Who wants a shine?
Shine 'em for half a dime!
Shine 'em up, mister? Shine 'em? Shine?
Now's yer time!"

WHO WANTS A SHINE?

Perchance no home has he, no roof
But the smoky skies at night,
But the rogue knows where from the chilly air,
He can rest till morning light—
Perchance in a hogshead or empty box,
Or open cellarway—
And his sleep is sweet as the hours are fleet,
No score has he to pay!

Oh! a miniature man is he,
With world lore almost gray;
He's sooty and gritty and sharp and witty,
And able to make his way—
With a—"Shine 'em? Shine 'em? Who wants a shine?
Shine 'em for half a dime!
Shine 'em up, mister? Shine 'em? Shine?
Now's yer time!"

—Wide Awake

How Johnny-Jump-Up Turned Into a Pansy.

There was a little boy
Whom his mother did employ
In doing all the errands she could trump up;
And she sent his feet so nimble
After scissors, spool or thimble,
Till the neighbors always called him
Johnny-Jump-Up.

Now this Johnny—little boy
Whom his mother did employ,
Saying, "Johnny-jump-up dear, and fetch the tarts, please!"
Or, "Run, Johnny, to the spring,
And a pail of water bring,"
Don't you see he grew to be his mother's
Heart's-ease?

—St. Nicholas.

Potato Puffs.

Potato puffs are a favorite family dish. Take cold roast meat of any kind, chop it, season with salt and pepper; boil and mash potatoes and make them into a paste with an egg; roll it out and dust with flour, cut round, put some meat on one half, fold over; pinch it around and fry to a light brown.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

Pigeon English—Origin of the Term—Extending All Over the World.

The word pidgin, or pigeon, as connected with English, is a Chinaman's poor attempt to pronounce the word business. Dr. Brewer gives it—business, bidginess, bidgin, pidgin, pigeon. Pigeon English, therefore, means business English. It is a strange admixture of English, Chinese and Portuguese, and is used in all parts of the far east as a means of communication between the natives and the foreigners. During nearly half a century, and especially since the opening of many of the Chinese ports to Europeans, business relations have developed to such vast proportions and reached into so many channels that some universally understood means of communication became absolutely necessary, and pidgin or pigeon English was the result. Its acquirement in the coast ports, at all events, is a matter of importance both with traders and with natives, who seek situations in foreign employ, and it has become a popular medium of communication.

Already this rude form of our language bids fair not only to reach all the peoples of the far east, but it is extending as a new form of speech in this country and in Australia, and wherever else the patient, industrious Chinaman locates himself for the purposes of gain. Experts in the east have amused themselves and their friends with translations of English poetry into pigeon English. Two verses of Longfellow's "Excelsior" have been rendered as follows:

Too muchee darkee come chop chop
One young man walkee, no can stop,
Maskee snow! maskee ice!
He cally flag with chop so nice.
Topside—Galah.

He muchee solly, one piecee eye
Lookee sharp, so, all same my
He talkee large, he talkee strong.
Too muchee curio, all same gong.
Topside—Galah.

As there is an Anglo-Chinese language called pigeon English, so there is an Anglo-Indian of a somewhat similar character, called baboo English, a mixture of English and Hindostan words.

The Yankee.

The theories as to the origin of the word Yankee are numerous, and the choice of one of them may be made to suit the best judgment of the reader. Dr. William Gordon, in a history of the American war published in 1789, said it was a cant word in Cambridge, Mass., as early as 1713, and was used to denote especial excellence, as a "yankee good horse," "yankee good cider," etc. He supposed it was originally a by-word in the college, and being taken by students into other parts of the country, was applied to New Englanders as a term of slight reproach, and gradually obtained general currency throughout New England. Thierry says it was a corruption of Jankin, a diminutive of John, which was a nickname given by the Dutch colonists of New York to their neighbors in the Connecticut settlements.

Asbury, an English writer, says it is derived from a Cherokee word "eankke," which signifies coward and slave. This epithet was bestowed on the inhabitants of New England by the Virginians for not assisting them in a war with the Cherokees, and they have always been held in derision by it. Another theory, and one which is regarded the most probable, is that of Mr. Heckewelder, that the Indians, in endeavoring to pronounce the word English or Anglais, made it Yengees, or Yangees, and this originated the term. There is no doubt that the name was given by the Indians to the English colonists; from them it was adopted by the British, who applied it generally to New Englanders only. Europeans subsequently applied it to all people of the United States, and during the war the southerners dubbed all inhabitants of the northern states by the epithet, but it originally belonged solely to native New Englanders.

Velocity of Ocean Waves.

The velocity of waves is said to depend primarily upon the power and continuance of the wind, but it is greatly modified by and bears an ascertainable relation to their magnitude and the depth of water over which they travel. It has been calculated by Airy that a wave 100 feet in breadth, and in water 100 feet deep, travels at the rate of about 15 miles an hour; one 1,000 feet broad, and in water 1,000 feet deep, at the rate of 48 miles; one of 10,000 feet in breadth, and in water 10,000 feet deep, will sweep forward with a velocity of not less than 151 miles an hour. Bache stated, as one of the effects of an earthquake at Samoda, on the Island of Nipbon, in Japan, that the harbor was first emptied of water, and then came in an enormous wave, which again receded and left the harbor dry. This occurred several times. The self acting tide register at San Francisco, which records the rise of the tide upon cylinders turned by clocks, showed that at that place, 4,800 miles from the scene of the earthquake, the first wave arrived 12 hours and 16 minutes after it had receded from the harbor of Samoda. It had traveled across the broad bosom of the Pacific ocean at the rate of 6½ miles per minute. Dr. Scoresby found the traveling rate of the Atlantic waves to be 32.67 English miles per hour.

Struggle of the Sexes.

In 1880 there were some 50,000,000 people in the United States, and about 882,000 more males than females. That was only because more males were born; the females live the longest. Of the centenarians 1,409 were men and 2,607 were women. The boys start out nearly a million ahead and are in the majority until the sixteenth year, when the girls are a little more numerous. Sweet sixteen is a numerous age, anyhow. After that, first one and then the other is in the majority, the girls gradually gaining after thirty-six and leaving the men far behind after seventy-five. To balance this longevity of the females, in almost every state a few more boys are born; not many more, but almost always a few.

It is astonishing to see where the census gives thousands and hundreds of thousands of boys and girls under 1 year old, there are, with one or two exceptions, always a few hundred more boys, and only a few hundred more. In only six of the forty-nine states and territories are more girls born, and in those states they are very slightly in excess, from eleven to eighty. These exceptions are Arizona, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Montana and North Carolina.

A Model Man.

Several years ago an artist of Dresden persuaded a locksmith there to give up his trade and become an artist's model. It was a good thing for the locksmith, who is now the famous "muscle man of Dresden," whose magnificently developed body makes him probably the most renowned model in the world. In order to preserve for future artists an exact duplicate of his extraordinary figure the director of the Royal Saxon Povzellanfabrik at Meissen recently invited him there that a cast from life might be taken of the upper part of his body. It is said that "his muscular development is so complete and detailed that even the least and slightest cord of every muscle stands forth prominently, and his whole body looks as if it were woven together or plaited like basket work. His muscles have such a hardness that they feel to the touch as if they were carved in wood."

HIS FIRST VOTE.

But He Dun Waited to Fool with a Par.

It was a state election in Alabama, and among the crowd filling the little town where I happened to be stopping were some queer characters. Among the queerest were an old man and his son—the father about 60 years old, the son about to cast his first vote. The boy had primed up pretty well and by 10 o'clock in the forenoon he was saying:

"Father, git ten men to hold me, fur if I turn loose this town won't be now har'!"

"Be calm, Jonas, be calm," advised the old man as he patted him on the shoulder.

"Whoop! yi! yi! Whar's the critter as says he will challenge my fust vote?"

"That's no critter sayin' anything of the sort, Jonas. Jist be quiet. Don't be raisin' your voice too much."

Jonas circulated around for a while and then came back to the tavern steps and said:

"Father, I've got to turn loose."

"Shoot Jonas!"

"But I hev. I'm a-goin' to cut loose and go fur the hull crowd, fur I can't hold myself no longer."

At that moment a Turk or Bohemian or foreigner of some sort came up with a hand organ and a dancing bear, and I saw a new idea strike Jonas like a landslide. The father saw it, too, and he protested:

"Now, Jonas, dean' make no critter of yo'self. You jist let that b'ar alone."

"Pop, I'm gwine ter clinch him. He's altogether too funny fur this yere locality."

"You'll git busted, Jonas. B'ars is onery varmints."

"Got to do it, pap. I'm bubblin' up like bilin' soap suds and sumpthin' has got ter be done or the biler will give way. Stand back! Whoopee!"

Every citizen of the town heard his yell. The bear was about five rods away, going through a waltz, and he stopped his movements to see what was going to happen. Jonas made a bee line for him, and as he came within six feet he rose in the air and came down astride of Brain and grabbed him by the ears and yelled.

"America agin the hull airth! Whoop!"

It was in the middle of the street and the street was dusty. Therefore I can't swear as to what took place during the next two minutes. When the foreigner pulled his bear off there was a bundle of something lying in the dust. It looked like old clothes, but it turned out to be Jonas. He wasn't saying a word. He didn't know it when the father and two others lifted him over against the fence and got water from the town well to pour over him. It was a full quarter of an hour before he opened his eyes and faintly asked:

"Father, did I clean out the hull crowd?"

"No, Jonas. You tackled that b'ar agin my advice."

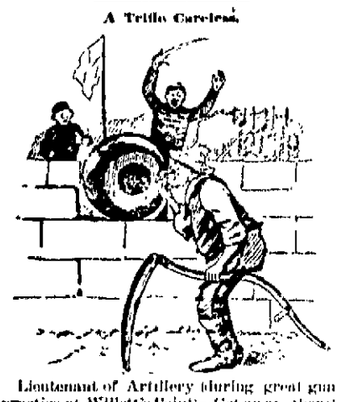
"And kerwolloped him."

"Skeercely. You've dun got the wust maulin' ever heard of."

"Licked?"

"I should observe. You's bit, clawed, knocked, rolled, paralyzed and broke, and you won't be fitten to work fur a month. Jonas, you's a critter, a pore fule of a critter, and if this dunn' take the swellin' outer your head I'm gwine to hire a nigger and a maul to knock it off. Say, Baker, kin you haul this critter into yer cart and tote him out home?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Trifle Careless.



Lieutenant of Artillery during great gun practice at Willett's Point)—Get away, there! Do you want to be blown to pieces?

Long Island Farmer—Let her go, cap. I want ter light my pipe, an' clean forgot my matches.—Judge.

A Quaint Idea.

A little fellow, whose fifth birthday is at hand, heard the question asked of a newcomer:

"How old is that infant?"

His reply was:

"She ain't old at all; she has just begun."

After he had seen the infant, he said to his mother:

"Mamma, that baby had her hair cut in heaven. I suppose they thought she would not be strong enough to walk to the barber's."—Brunswick, Me., Telegraph.

Bessie's Own Self.

Four-year-old Bessie was having her dollie dressed and, when it came to the bonnet, the little maid called for feathers, refusing to be satisfied with the flowers mamma brought her. "But they don't wear feathers now, my dear," mamma said. "I can't help that, mamma; she thinks inside of me isn't like the thinks inside of other folks." Of course the feathers won.—Alton Democrat.

An Honest Reason.

Drug Clerk—I won't sell you the morphine without a prescription. I'm afraid to let you have it.

Customer—Do I look like a man who would kill himself?

Drug Clerk—I don't know. It seems to me if I looked like you I should be greatly tempted to kill myself.—Omaha World.

He Differed from the Rest of Mankind.

"I would rather deliver that oration than do anything else in this wide world."

"You always were eccentric."

"I see nothing eccentric about that."

"Well, there is. Most men would rather have you do anything else in the world than deliver that oration."—Harper's Bazar.

Should Be So Labeled.

Medical Student—Seems to me these cigars are not very good, if you will excuse me, old fellow.

Fellow Student—No, they're not; but they are good enough to smoke out of doors.

"Ah, I see! For external use only, eh!"—Boston Herald.

At the Races.

Farmer Wayback—If it wasn't for one thing I'd bet a million dollars, if I had it, on that bay colt o' mine trottin' a mile in 2:30.

Chorus of Voices—What's the one thing?

Farmer Wayback—The distance is too great for the time.—Omaha World.

A Common Trouble.

Scribuler ate two Welsh rarebits, three portions of terrapin, a plate of ice cream, a lemon meringue pie and a lobster salad, and now says he's got the writer's cramp.—Harper's Bazar.

CHICAGO & ATLANTIC RAILWAY

With its Pullman Built Equipment, Substantially Constructed Roadway and Low Rates of Fare, Insures a Safe, Speedy and Economical Journey to All Points East and West. Write to your nearest railway agent for the

Attractive Low Rates

Via the line

TIME TABLE, Taking Effect Dec. 2, 1888.

EASTWARD.

		No. 8	No. 10.	No. 12	N
Lv.	Chicago	2.55‡	6.05‡	8.10‡	5.45
"	Archer Avenue	3.05	6.55	8.20	5.55
"	Englewood	3.15	7.05	8.30	6.05
"	Hammond	3.25	7.45	9.15	6.40
"	Crown Point	....	10.19	9.4..	7.15
"	Kout	....	11.05	.....	8.38
"	North Judson	....	11.31	*0.35	9.00
"	Rochester	5.40	2 55‡	11.55	
"	Akron	....	.01	1.108	
"	Newton	6.16	1.25	12.57	No. 15
"	Bolivar	....	1.38	.....	
"	Hudson	6.55	2.2..	1 15	6.05‡
"	Kingsland	....	3.05	.....	* 6.50
"	Decatur	7.15	3.35	* 12	7.35
"	Eaton Rapids	....	4.10	2.40	8.30
"	Spencerville	....	4.44	3.16	9.10
"	Lima	8.55	5.12	3 2..	9.45
"	Preston	....	5.15	.....	* 9.50
"	Kenton	9.43	6.10	4.1.	10.55
Ar.	Marion	10.30	7.15	5.00	12.00‡
"	New York	11.07	.....	.....	7 7
"	Boston	6.15‡	.....	.....	1.40‡

WESTWARD.

		No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	No. 17.
Lv.	Marion	8.05‡	11.20‡	3.15‡	3.30‡
"	Kenton	8.50	12.10‡	3.5..	4.45
"	Preston	9.17	.....	.....	* 5.25
"	Lima	9.45	1.05	4.38	6.15
"	Spencerville	10.14	.....	.....	6.55
"	Enterprise	10.45	1.50	7.22	7.40
"	Decatur	11.32	2.27	7.57	8.40
"	Kingsland	11.58	.....	.....	9.26
"	Huntington	1.00‡	3.25	6.50	10.30
"	Bolivar	1.42	.....	.....	
"	Newton	1.45	4.08	7.22	
"	Akron	2.14	.....	.....	No. 15
"	Rochester	2.38	4.45	8.00	
"	North Judson	3.54	.....	.....	6.50‡
"	Kouts	4.25	.....	.....	7.22
"	Crown Point	5.10	.....	.....	8.12
"	Hammond	6.05	7.25	10.25	8.50
"	Englewood	6.30	7.55	10.55	9.20
"	Archer Avenue	7.00	8.15	11.15	9.40
Ar.	Chicago	7.10	8.25	11.25	9.50
Lv.	New York		8.30‡	5.00	
"	Boston		8.00	8.30‡	

Nos. 8, 12, 10, 3, 5 and 15 daily. Where time is not shown trains do not stop. Nos. 17 and 18 daily except Sunday. * stop on signal. ‡ p.m. ‡ a.m.

F. C. DONALD, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Chicago.
T. W. BURROWS, Superintendent, Chicago.

Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo R'y

TIME CARD.

Taking Effect May 12th, 1889.

[Central Time.]

NORTH BOUND.

River Division.	No. 3, daily except Sunday.	No. 7, mixed, daily except Sun
Leave Pomeroy	3.30 p m	5.00 a m
" Gallipolis	4.24 p m	6.45 a m
" McArthur Junct.	5.58 p m	8.40 p m
Hocking Valley Division.	No. 1, daily	No. 9, daily
Leave Athens	7.00 a m	6.05 p m
" Logan	8.15 a m	7.20 p m
" Lancaster	8.58 a m	8.03 p m
Arrived Columbus	10.15 a m	9.25 p m

Toledo Division.	No. 1, daily ex. Sund	No. 5, daily.	No. 3, daily.
Leave Columbus	10.35 a m	4.00 p m	6.30 a m
" Delaware	11.30 a m	4.50 p m	7.21 a m
" Prospect	11.55 a m	5.18 p m	7.45 a m
" MARION	12.16 p m	5.38 p m	8.05 a m
" Up. Sandusky	1.10 p m	6.30 p m	9.55 a m
" Carey	1.30 p m	6.50 p m	7.15 a m
" Fostoria	2.05 p m	7.25 p m	7.49 a m
Arrive Toledo	3.25 p m	8.40 p m	9.10 a m

SOUTH BOUND.

Toledo Division.	No. 6, daily.	No. 2, daily.	No. 4, daily ex. Sund
Leave Toledo	4.30 p m	5.00 a m	10. 5 a m
" Fostoria	6.50 p m	6.30 a m	11.52 a m
" Carey	7.20 p m	6. 5 a m	12.20 p m
" Up. Sandusky	7.55 p m	7.30 a m	12. 5 p m
" MARION	8.35 p m	8.10 a m	1.04 p m
" Prospect	8.57 p m	8.32 a m	1.54 p m
" Delaware	9.24 p m	8.58 a m	2.20 p m
Arrive Columbus	9.30 p m	9.45 a m	3.15 p m

Hocking Valley Division	No. 6, daily	No. 4 daily
Leave Columbus	8.00 a m	4.00 p m
" Lancaster	9.18 a m	5.28 p m
" Logan	10.08 a m	6.30 p m
Arrive Athens	11.15 a m	7.30 p m

River Division.	No. 8, daily except Sunday	No. 10, mixed, daily except Sun
Leave McArthur Junct.	1.50 p m	8.30 p m
" Gallipolis	4.41 p m	11.41 p m
Arrive Pomeroy	5.52 p m	1.15 a m

NOTE ON RUNNING OF TRAINS.

Direct connections made in Union Depot at Columbus for Newark, Zanesville, Pittsburg, Wheeling, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia; also for Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville and all points South and Southwest.

☞Close connections at Toledo for Detroit and all points in Michigan and Canada.

H. J. FALKENBACH,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
Columbus, Ohio

G. K. CARR, General Agent.

FAST TRAINS OVER THE

ERIE

—FOR—

Buffalo, New York, Boston, Saratoga, Albany and Other Eastern Cities.

The Only Road Running Solid Train to New York.

3 THROUGH TRAINS. 3

—WITH—

Pullman Palace Sleeping Coaches, Pullman Buffet Sleeping Coaches, Pullman Hotel Coaches, Parlor Cars and Elegant Day Coaches.

TIME TABLE ADOPTED Dec. 2, 1888.

☞Central Time, 28 minutes slower than Columbus Time.

Trains depart from Marion, O., as follows

WESTWARD.	DEPART.
No. 7, daily except Sunday	10.50 a.m.
No. 5, daily	2.55 p.m.
No. 27, Way, daily except Sunday	9.20 a.m.
No. 3, daily	11.05 p.m.

EASTWARD.	DEPART.
No. 12, daily	5.20 a.m.
No. 6, daily except Sunday	12.05 p.m.
No. 38, daily except Sunday	2.55 p.m.
No. 8, daily	10.45 p.m.

Pullman Palace Coaches on all through trains

E. B. THOMAS, Second Vice President.
L. P. FARMER, G. P. A., New York City.
W. G. RINEARSON, A. G. P. A., Cleveland.
W. W. QUINN VANT, Div. Pas. Ag't, Warren, O.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in New York.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

ATTENTION---G. A. R!

Orders have just arrived from headquarters to supply the boys with a first-class G. A. R. suit, complete.

I have paid particular attention to this branch, and am prepared to furnish you with the very best G. A. R. suit for **$9.00;** a good all-wool suit, color warranted, for **$6.50.**

Attention, Sons of Veterans! A line Blue Suits, buttons to match, for S. of V., $6.50.

G. A. R. Hats and Cords.

SAM OPPENHEIMER.

O. W. JOHNSTON & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

AND BROKERS.

OFFICE OVER MARION CO. BANK.

☞We have some beautiful Residence lots on South street for sale cheap, within one square of Fourth ward school building. Also a few lots on Cunamins avenue.

☞Two fine business blocks in Prospect; also elegant home, to trade for Marion property.

☞The James Williams property on south East street for sale; a good bargain if you call at once.

☞$500 to loan on first mortgage. Four or five houses for rent. Also few rooms in business block.

☞We are now prepared to offer you three desirable homes on east Center, cheap, all situated between W. Z. Davis' and Dr. Harding's.

☞Best farm in Marion county, situated on Delaware pike, for sale cheap.

☞If you do not see what you want in the above call on

O. W. JOHNSTON & CO.,

FOR RENT.—Dwelling apartments on north Main street, centrally located. Inquire of Dan'l Lawrence, Sr.

FOR SALE.—A second-hand three burner gasoline stove, also a three burner gas stove, at English's kitchen. [1693

STAR OFFICE TELEPHONE NUMBER 51.

—Hosiery and Underwear. FRASH'S.

Use Baker Soap. Absolutely pure.

—Dr. S. H. Button, of Adelaide, was the guest of friends in the city today.

—Ladies' ribbed vests for 20 cents, and a special good value for 25 cents. FRASH.

—Mr. R. B. Logan and sister, Miss Etta, of Urbana, are guests of Miss Della Barnhart, on west Center street.

—Mrs. Harriet Williams and daughter, of Owosso, Mich., are the guests of Mrs W. E. Thomas. Mrs. Williams is a sister to Dr. Mattoon.

—Rev. John Tenney, of Richwood, will preach at the Presbyterian church on Friday evening, at the service preparatory to communion next Sunday.

—John Dwyer was placed in the city prison Tuesday night on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. Mayor Galley ordered his release Wednesday morning without a fine.

—Superintendent Wells, of Chicago, and Superintendent DeWitt, of Cleveland, both of the Wells-Fargo Express Co., were in the city a short time today, looking up company business.

—On June 8th, 1890 the N. Y., L. E. and W. railroad will sell excursion tickets to Dayton, tickets good for return until June 8th inclusive. Fare for the round trip, adults $3.50, children $1.00. Special train will leave Marion at 7.13 a. m.

CHASE & HUNTER

FOR SALE—Nice residence lot on north East at intersection of Wallace street. Price $400.

FOR SALE—The "Kerr property" near Fair grounds; three acres of ground, two house, one barn and all conveniences. Can be divided to make eleven good lots.

FOR SALE—Two nice lots on west South street.

We will soon lay out in lots the property formerly owned by Mr. J. Q. Codding. The lots will be very desirable and prices low.

—Special values in all kinds of wash goods, at Frash's Dry Goods House.

—Bauer's grocery is headquarters for first class table butter and fresh eggs. [166

—Children's ribbed vests for 10 and 12½ cents, worth 25 and 35 cents. FRASH.

—The annual reunion of the Alumni Association will be held at the residence of G. H. Wright on Friday night. The exercises will begin promptly at 8 o'clock.

—Let it be remarked that the Bullock waterpipes have been removed from the streets without interruption by an injunction or any other legal proceedings. It is the wonder of the day.

—Think of it! A first class lecture on the "Blues" at Music Hall tonight by the noted evangelists, Updike and Hawes. Lecture and solos all for twenty five cents. Proceeds for church.

—The rain in this section has made any extensive demonstrations today entirely out of question. But the dead are remembered just as kindly and tenderly, and their graves marked with flowers.

—The members of the Association of Ohio Daily Papers have been invited to meet at Detroit on June 25th, and participate in a delightful excursion to Mackinaw. The Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation company has kindly offered the association the use of one of its splendid steamers.

—The Mt. Gilead Register says "Mr. Levering still regards the Black Diamond outlook as all right." If Mr. Levering feels satisfied that it will be built to Marion, through Mt. Gilead, after that Galion switch is constructed, he is more easily satisfied than many are over here.

We have omitted to remark that the crowd of citizens who met Tuesday to confer and boom a Fourth of July celebration, was more enthusiastic than it was numerous. But that does not matter. If the men who reap the harvest of a celebration will divide their profits, and give the committee the help they ought, there will be a big, novel celebration. Otherwise the attempt will be abandoned.

The annual reunion of the Ohio Association of Union Ex Prisoners of War will be held at Washington C. H., Ohio, Wednesday and Thursday, June 12th and 13th. No military or other organization is bound together with as strong ties of consecrated fellowship, fraternal feeling and brotherly love as the Ex Prisoners of War. They have not only been welded together by the fire of cannon and musketry on the field of battle, but by starvation and exposure experienced in the rebel prison pens of the South.

The fine specimens of interior decoration, in Mc Neal & Wolford's offices, just completed, are veritable examples to what an advanced stage interior decoration has reached. Lincrusta Walton, with pressed paper, form the side walls, with chaste and elegant mouldings dividing the different materials while the two private offices, the one in blue exhibits a beautiful effect, and the terra cotta shows harmonious treatment, while both rooms betoken a thorough knowledge of the law and happy effects in blending colors. The work was done by Patterson & Merrial, of Columbus, through C. G. Wrink, of this city.

Notice to Contractors

Bids will be received by the Huber Manufacturing Company, at their office, in Marion, Ohio, up to Tuesday noon June 4th, 1890, for furnishing stone and laying foundation, and for laying brick, furnishing all material excepting brick, for the new Huber shops. Brick to be furnished on the ground by the Huber Manufacturing Company. Stone work to be done by the perch, measured in the wall, brick work to be by the thousand, openings out. Bids to be for either a part or for all of the work, and the right is reserved to reject any or all bids. Price lists for stone work to be dug by the Huber Manufacturing Company.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Huber Manufacturing Company. Bond required of parties receiving contract for either all or part. Entire job estimated to take 2,000,000 brick and 5,500 perch of stone.

THE HUBER MFG. CO.
E. Huber, President.

For Sale Cheap.

Two brand new cut under surreys, very cheap. Inquire of

SMITH & CONCKLIN.

LITERATURE, MUSIC AND FLOWERS.

Characterize the 17th Annual Commencement of the Marion High School.

The disagreeable weather of Wednesday evening discouraged the attendance of as large a number at the High School commencement as is usual on these occasions, but by 8 o'clock a goodly number were present. Shortly after 8 the orchestra, a Columbus organization with local acquisitions, rendered the overture "Silver Bells" in a pleasing manner.

The curtain went up on a pretty scene. The decorations were tasteful. There were flowers and vines and plants galore, till the air was redolent of their fragrance diffused.

"The Bright Crimson Morning," a chorus, introduced the entire High School, under the direction of Supt. Crouse, which was enthusiastically applauded.

Miss Florence Salter, with the salutatory and oration, "The Modern Hydra," appeared to good advantage. The formidable Hydra of ancient mythology, which required a Hercules to exterminate, inspired the subject of a modern social hydra, with its various heads of selfishness, jealousy, avarice, etc. Miss Salter made many commendable suggestions to improve these social characteristics. To conclude the simile, she recommended a modern Hercules to decapitate the present evil monster and thoroughly cauterize the wounds.

Next on the program was the oration of Miss Patti Thompson, who took the negative of "Is Education a Failure?" and defended the public schools. She criticized those who would humorously refer to the errors of students of public schools, neglecting to commend the accomplishments attained. Some practical remarks were made upon the necessary advancement of the schools to fill the requirements of the times. The idea was erroneous that what was sufficient for our fathers would suffice for us; the progress of the times demanded more. Miss Thompson concluded amid generous applause.

After a pleasing selection by the orchestra, Scott Stahl, the only male member of the class of '89, proceeded with his oration on "Footprints of Progress." Mr. Stahl's production was a review of the progress of nations from the first conception of scientific ideas in oriental Greece, amid the discouragements and bloodshed of tyrannical powers, up to the present time. Mr. Stahl has a good style of oratory, and he deserved the liberal applause received.

The valedictorian, Miss Hortense Cunningham, discussed the "Right of Revolution." It was a natural characteristic of men to revolt at oppression; it was a right, and when not abused, out of it sprang great good. It was this right that had actuated Washington and his contemporaries to revolt, out of which sprang such glorious results. Miss Cunningham's style is vivacious and invigorating, and her ease and grace makes an audience comfortable. The young lady's valedictory remarks to the board, teachers and classmates were pretty and appropriate.

After an orchestral rendition Hon. B. G. Young presented the diplomas, and commended the graduates for their studiousness, and appropriately admonished them as to future actions.

The exercises proper closed with a chorus by the High School, "The Rustic Festival" (Offenbach). This, like the one that preceded it, was a pleasing evidence of the musical accomplishments of the school.

Rev. Thomas dismissed the audience with the benediction.

Closing Exercises.

The closing exercises of the primary schools took place at the Central building, Wednesday afternoon. The hall was tastily decorated, and a crowd of visitors was present, all eager to witness the pleasing program to be rendered by the little folks.

The exercises commenced with a song, "The Merry Summer Day," which was sung by the D Grammar class. Next came a dialogue, "Curiosity," by the C Primary, and a dialogue by the C Grammar, entitled "This Century and the Next," in which the doings of great personages, and the beneficial gifts which the world has received during this century were summed up to prove what might be expected in the next. Following this was a song by the small boys of the D Primary, which was sung while marching about, armed in George Washington style, each bearing a hatchet, looking for the cherry tree made famous by George's exploit while a small boy, as the story goes. This was one of the most pleasing features of the occasion, and gave evidence of the great care which had been exercised by the teachers while training the class for the entertainment. Following this was a dialogue, "Editorial Felicities, by the A Grammar, which was an excellent exhibition of the different annoyances which torment every newspaper editor.

Then came a recitation by the A Primary "A Mother's Song," and a military song by the C Primary. Following this was a recitation, "Jack Chiddy," by the B Grammar, and a dialogue, "Military Discipline," by the uniformed young gentry of the B Primary. The next on the program was "Bonnie, Sweet Bessie," a song by Miss Florence Lewellen, which showed that she had a fine voice, and her excellent singing was highly appreciated by the audience.

Then came "Fairy Crowning," by a number of the little ladies of the D Primary, and "Our Flag and Others" by twelve boys of the B Grammar.

An instrumental duet by Miss Minnie Cull and John Evans reflected great credit on them, for it was rendered beautifully. Then came "The Rainbow" by a number of little girls of the B Primary, and the "Flag Drill," which was the last on the program.

After a few words of farewell from Prof. Crouse the visitors returned home well pleased with the endeavors of the youthful ones, and the success they were making in their studies.

Death of James Gregory.

[Cardington Independent.]

James Gregory, formerly a well known citizen of Cardington, died suddenly at his home in Fostoria on Thursday afternoon of last week. He had been ailing some for a year past, but was able to be around, and on the morning named was considered in usual health when his daughter left him to go to the store. On her return home at noon she found her father dead in his chair.

Funeral services were held at the house Friday morning, and in the afternoon the remains were brought to Cardington and interred in the new cemetery, beside those of his wife, who preceded him to the better world by some five years.

The deceased was born in York county, Pa., in 1820, and was consequently about 69 years of age. He came to Cardington in an early day and built what is now known as the Mayer warehouse, conducting the grain merchant business until about the close of the Civil war, when he moved to Marion. He engaged there in the warehouse, and subsequently in the grocery business until two years ago, when he changed his residence to Fostoria. While here he was married to Miss Hannah McGregor, and to them four children were born, two of whom have joined the great majority, one daughter and one son living, and were present to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed father.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

Turney

Will give you better goods at lower prices than any firm in town. We buy for cash and will give our customers the benefit of it. Fifty per cent. off on new silverware not old and shop-worn stuff on hand. Opposite court house, east Center street.

The Nation's Great Men.

"Pa, where was Capt. Anson born?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Where was John L. Sullivan born?"

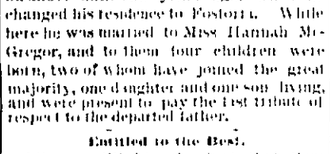
"I don't know that either."

"Pa, I wish you would buy me a history of the United States."—Chicago Herald.

A Never Failing Supply.

Brown—Your teacher can't be such a mean man as you make out. I notice his son has all the toys he can possibly need.

Little Johnnie—Why, dad those are what his pupils throw at the other boys—Hatchet.

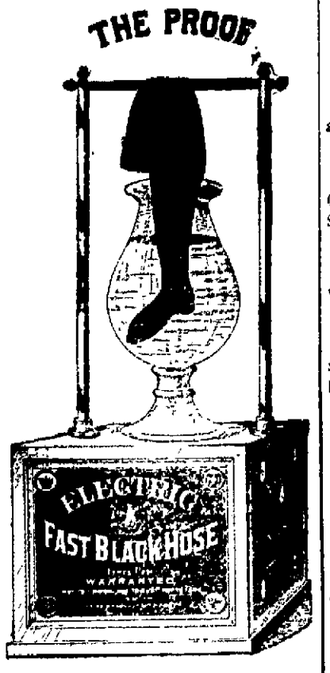


Presents in the most elegant form
THE LAXATIVE AND NUTRITIOUS JUICE
—OF THE—
FIGS OF CALIFORNIA,
Combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, forming an agreeable and effective laxative to permanently cure Habitual Constipation, and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It is the most excellent remedy known to
CLEANSE THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY
When one is Bilious or Constipated
—SO THAT—
PURE BLOOD, REFRESHING SLEEP, HEALTH and STRENGTH
NATURALLY FOLLOW.
Every one is using it and all are delighted with it.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
SYRUP OF FIGS
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY NEW YORK, N. Y.

W. S. BOWERS'

CASH BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

Corner Main and Center Sts.



THE BEST
ELECTRIC
FAST BLACK
HOSIERY!
For Ladies, Gentlemen, Children and Infants.
Thoroughly Tested.
A Complete Success,
Every Pair Warranted.
WARNER & EDWARDS.

FOR PURE
SPRING
LAKE ICE!
ORDER OF THE
MARION ICE COMPANY!
Office at W. J. GRILLS, opposite Postoffice.

☞We guarantee the only genuine Spring Lake Ice, taken from the Hepburn spring lakes of the purest water.

Contracts made for the season or by the cwt. Special contracts for large consumers.

Satisfactory Delivery Daily.

MARION ICE CO.

GET YOUR MEALS
—AT—
CULL'S
DINING HALL!
Refitted and Better than ever.
REGULAR MEALS
(THE BEST IN THE CITY)
—FOR—
25 CTS.
Special Dishes Served to Order.
Oysters at All Times.
LUNCH STAND IN CONNECTION.
TICKETS (20 MEALS), $3.50.
My old patrons and all new ones are invited to call.
JOHN CULL.
2d Door East of Court House.

H. M. AULT,

FIRE

INSURANCE

AGENCY!

☞OFFICE: Bennett's Block, First stairway east of P. O.

TRISTRAM & YOUNG,

BOOTS & SHOES,

Main Street, opposite C. H., Marion, O.

☞Headquarters for Fine Shoes at
TRISTRAM & YOUNG'S.

☞A full line of Ladies' and Gents' Russet Shoes and Walking Shoes, at
TRISTRAM & YOUNG'S.

☞Fancy Slippers and Wigwams, at
TRISTRAM & YOUNG'S.

☞Misses' and Children's Shoes in heel and spring heels, high and low cut, Baby Cacks
TRISTRAM & YOUNG'S.

aa b c d e e f f g Widths

☞Gents' fine Kangaroo hand sewed Shoes, at
TRISTRAM & YOUNG'S.

☞French calf enameled leather Pumps and Shoes, in lace and congress, at
TRISTRAM & YOUNG'S.

☞A full line of Dongolia Shoes—Congress and lace, at
TRISTRAM & YOUNG'S.

☞Full line of Boys' Shoes in button, lace and congress, high and low top. Base Ball Shoes in all sizes, at
TRISTRAM & YOUNG'S.

We carry ladies' shoes to 8 and gents' to 12 in size.

Tristram & Young.

H. SCHAFFNER IS OFFERING A CHOICE LINE OF NOVELTIES IN FURNITURE!

Including Fancy ROCKERS, DIVANS, SECRETARIES, TABLES, etc., besides his large line of General Furniture, at prices that are sure to please.

UNDERTAKING Promptly and Carefully attended to.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

Williams & Leffler,

—THE LEADING—

MERCHANT TAILORS

ARE NOW SHOWING THEIR

Spring & Summer Goods.

A PERFECT FIT AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

—PRICES REASONABLE!—

HYGIENIC!

POULTRY FOOD

—AT—

Williams & Gurley's

Flour and Feed Store, 3 Doors North Jail.

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT

THIS OFFICE.

ALL KINDS OF

LUMBER

CHEAP,

—AT—

PRENDERGASTS'.

Miller & Brigle's

Livery Barn!

—THE—

Finest in Marion,

Back of Kelly's Grocery,

TELEPHONE 15.

Fine Horses

—AND—

Fine Rigs.

Horses hitched to Phaetons and Surreys perfectly safe for Ladies' Driving.

We make a specialty of Hacks and Carriages for Funerals.

GIVE US A CALL.

MILLER & BRIGLE.

NEW - SHOE - STORE!

Berndt & Bender

Have opened out a new stock of

BOOTS and SHOES

in the True Building, East Center street, and solicit a share of your patronage. All New Goods and Prices Low.

CUSTOM MADE WORK

A specialty, and repairing of all kinds on short notice.

MASSILLON COAL

—THE—

BEST in the MARKET

—AT—

Prendergasts

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®